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Jubilee Poem,

BY

JOHN MASSIE, M.D.

1837
1887

JUBILEE POEM,

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO HER MOST
GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

VICTORIA,

QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,
AND EMPRESS OF INDIA.

BY JOHN MASSIE, M.D.,

KEENE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

J. R. STRATTON, PRINTER, EXAMINER OFFICE, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

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JUBILEE POEM.

INVOCATION

RING, RING YE BELLS, THE YEAR HAS COME,
OF OUR GOOD QUEEN'S GREAT JUBILEE;
LET ALL THE PEOPLE SHOUT FOR JOY,
AND ROAR YE CANNON O'ER THE SEA,
AND ALL YE ISLANDS OF THE DEEP,
RING OUT, RING OUT YOUR FEALTY,
AND EVERY NATION'S LOUD ACCLAIM,
DECLARE VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

Grave men of state are stirred when monarchs die—
For kings and queens must tread the Lethean shore,
Shake hands with Death, and close the weary eye,
And step most humbly down when life is o'er:
And Britain's sailor king was king no more—
For he had crossed the threshold leading out
Upon the unknown world; and what before
Was wrapt in mystery, involved in doubt,
Was now most clear to our late sturdy king and stout.

When bluff King William closed his earthly book,
Beside his couch his true and weeping wife
Held ward and watch : nor could she bear to look
Upon the thoughtless world, that held a life
Too light for her great grief ; which—as a knife
Cuts thongs in twain—cruel cut her bleeding heart :
What care the heedless crowd for the sore strife
That wrings a grieving soul—'tis not their part
To weep, they say, nor mourn, when earth's great ones depart.

Night wept herself away : in ambient flame
Uprose Aurora's car, and with sweet smile,
White-robed and purple, Dawn's great goddess came,
Her ample wings begemmed with dew the while ;
To their diurnal caves Night's troops defile ;
While in hot haste, with Britain's weal elate
Came couriers, grave, from Windsor's royal pile,
With tidings of great import to the state,
But chief to our girl-Queen, of most momentous weight.

She—hastily awaked from slumber sweet—
At once appeared; nor did she stop to change
Her nightly garb; with slippers on her feet,
Her golden hair in graceful disarrange,
And in her eyes sweet tears—nor think this strange,
For she had lost a friend, and gained a throne,
With all its wide and comprehensive range
Of state affairs: and not of self alone
Was her heart full; her people's cares were now her own.

Twice twenty years and ten have duly fled
Since that auspicious morn when our young Queen
Arose from slumber sweet, and deftly spread
A shawl upon her shoulders, fair, I ween;
Of all the hours that ever yet have been
Since Time began, this was the greatest hour!
Of joy most full, and big with hope serene,
And white-wing'd peace—a nation's richest dower—
In all her wide domains no threat'ning cloud did lower.

Her heart was full; and on her cheeks there fell
Its warm and pearly dews; while dignity
Sate throned upon her brow, and blended well
With love to all, and sweet humility,
As natural as true. A trinity
Of strongest sympathy for other's weal
Bright furnaced her young soul, which ever free
To think of others first, all wounds would heal,
All broken hearts upbind, all selfishness conceal.

And half a century has swept stately by,
Since, from the portals of the glowing east,
Came that momentous day of grief and joy—
To our fair Princess such it was at least.
There is satiety in every feast;
In every rose a thorn; in every plan
Some part miscarries. Turning to the priest
She said ['twas Canterbury's godly man]
"Your Grace will pray for me!" and thus her reign began.

Yes, fifty years have swung most blithely on,
Still striving keen, in philanthropic strife;
Each on the other's heels, from sun to sun,
For human ills a balm, with blessings rife:
And thou most loved, as maiden, mother, wife,
Yet loved as widow. even more, thou art.
O grandest golden age of Britain's life!
O thou loved Sovereign of the loving heart!
For every coming age the compass, and the chart.

The STAR of gentlest light that walked by thee,
Pure as the ether, whence his spirit came,
Has set; but not forever; there will be
A glorious dawning yet, of ruddy flame,
When HE, the promised ONE of godly name,
From out the irridescent east shall come,
And—white-robed walking earth's pavilion—claim
His own loved ones; shall strike all evil dumb;
Exalt the good and true; all wickedness benumb.

Twice twenty years and ten have fields been green,
And forests bare, and flowers have decked the lea,
And summer suns have burned, and winter keen
Has hushed the vocal throngs in bower and tree;
While round thy Island Throne the restless sea
Still flings his thundering anthems to the skies,
And joins with mighty bass our Jubilee,
And shouts defiance when the wild winds rise,
And guards thy rock-bound coast, confounds thy enemies.

Thine own Imperial throne, VICTORIA;
Thine own still more Imperial name; thine own
Great grief, long past, yet fresh as yesterday,
That clings with tender memories round thy throne;
And all the virtues that have brightly shone
And mirrored thy true heart's humanity—
Love of thy people for their sake alone;
These are the load-stars that have drawn to thee
A mighty nation's heart, and love, and sympathy.

To thee, the sea-girt gems of ocean call—
The dark parts of the earth all cry to thee :
" O bless us, thou Queen Mother ! bless us all !
" It is in love, not fear, we bow the knee ;
" Where'er thy sceptre touches, men are free ;
" Oppression dies, ere half his race is run ;
" Then let thy children round thee gathered be,
" It is thy heart that draws us, every one,
" Thy QUEENLY woman heart, our magnet, and our sun."

From all thy wave-washed shores, thy turrets gray,
Thy sea-beat cliffs, thy rocks and beetling towers,
Of man's and Nature's build ; and far away
Beyond Old Ocean's marge, where Asian bowers
Awake with melting song the morning hours ;
From lands that stem the Atlantic's western surge,
And where the fierce sirocco hotly scours
Australian plains ; from earth's remotest verge,
To thee all loyalty, and love, and joy, converge.

The drum's loud heart doth pulse the morning air
In rapid note, or stronger throbbings deep;
The clarion's brazen blast, the trumpet's blare,
The bugle's rounder klang, the cornet's sweep;
The bellowing cannon on the rampart-steep;
The living surge of joyous men; the roar
Of a great nation's love, that will not keep
Pent up; but thy far realms deep flooding o'er,
Returns in whelming tide to Britain's regal shore.

Tolls great St. Paul's—ten thousand silvery chimes
Ring out their music o'er the joyous land;
And twenty times ten thousand glorious rhymes
Declare our burning love. On every hand
The nations stricken mute, astonished stand,
And ask with gaping eyes, "What conquering cross?
What wondrous spell? What power of magic wand
Hath bound her people to their sovereign thus?"
The answer simply is, "OUR QUEEN IS ONE OF US."

One wish, one thought intense, one impulse strong,
Hath goverened all thy long, eventful reign;
Imbued thy days of sadness and of song,
With sweetest sympathy for all thy train;
And strengthen'd thy strong heart, and nerved thy brain,
To do the work an empire lays on thee:
'Tis love for thine own people doth sustain
The pillars of thy throne. Love makes them free,
And guides thy ship of state o'er Time's tempestuous sea.

And as a face smile-lit, wakes up a smile
Or bright contagious laughter glads the eye,
Or joy gets joy, or cheerfulness, like oil,
Lays all the troubled waters, making dry
The cheek tear-dewed; or skylark soaring high
Lifts up man's heart, impelling him to sing;
We watch the eagle's flight and wish to fly,
And feel within, the spirit's quivering wing;
So thy kind heart, love lit, lights every living thing.

Love's fortress strong hath ever girded thee,
Hath guarded in the past, protects thee now ;
Not work of cunning hand could ever be
A shield and vizor so complete, I trow.
And as a tree fruit-laden, branch and bough,
The love of half a century gems thy crown.
And circlets round thy fair Imperial brow,
And zones thy girdle-stead, and stooping down
Strews every path of thine with roses freshly blown.

God bless our Queen ! and guard her lest she fall ;
And may her reign be long, her life be true :
God bless her children, bless them one and all,
Those golden heads that were, and eyes of blue.
O bless their course in life the whole way through !
May all her mother-prayers answered be—
And all her children's children, bless them too,
Those near, and those that dwell beyond the sea,
Make all their hearts be glad in this her JUBILEE.

God bless her many peoples, and protect
Their every step, and lead them to the light,
Subdue their stubborn passions, and correct
Their wayward hearts, impatient of the right;
And guard them from the moonless, starless night
Of selfish, thoughtless, hard unhallowed ways.
The cleanest life among us, is not white;
The holiest saint laments his evil days;
And CONSCIENCE, strictly just, must mingle blame with praise.

But there are those our blessings cannot reach,
Love's dearest ones, from life long passed away;
Who lived to make men better, and to teach—
Earth's erring ones, the road to endless day.
"ALBERT, THE GREAT AND GOOD!" 'twas thine alway
To point this road, or gently lead the blind,
Lest these, unwittingly, should go astray,
Thou greatest captain in the march of mind!
High Priest of Peace, and torch of Love to all mankind!

What face is this? O let my heart be dumb!
Is Alice named? Breathe not her name aloud!
She looks, and smiling, beckons us to come;
Looks o'er the silvery rim of [illegible] bright cloud,
From every feature of her gentle-browed
Angelic face, long from this lone world riven,
Beam peace and joy, which to the wondering crowd
Of earth is mystery all. As snow new driven
She was a spirit pure, an angel now in heaven.

And she is not alone—two cherubs fair
Are sweetly smiling in her radiant face,
Dear ones on earth were they, a darling pair,
That only went before in God's good grace,
To spy the land, and sooth! prepare a place
Receptive in the heart, that seed be sown
To yield a thousand fold; till every trace
Of natural rebelliousness hath flown,
And all shall meet at last, round GOD's eternal throne.

Yes, there *are* those our blessings cannot reach,
Yet they are truly blest, and in full store
Of all the riches and rewards that each
True child of faith enjoys forevermore;
And would we wish them where they were before,
Where all things new are ever growing old?
Let memory still o'er all her treasures pore,
And cling, as clings the miser to his gold,
And wear thou still thy starry crown, Prince Leopold!

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN! God save OUR Queen, and bless
Her when she riseth up, and lieth down;
And when He calleth, be her answer, "yes,
I come O Lord! An handmaid of Thine own."
And may she never merit Thy just frown,
But truly dutiful to Thee alway,
Receive as just reward, a saintly crown;
And through the cycles of eternal day,
Shall join the happy throngs in Thy triumphal lay.